



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

THE LOTUS MAGAZINE

Volume IV

DECEMBER, 1912

Number 3

WASSAIL CHORUS AT THE MERMAID TAVERN

*CHRISTMAS knows a merry, merry place,
Where he goes with fondest face,
Brightest eye, brightest hair;
Tell the Mermaid where is that one place,
Where?*

RALEIGH

*'Tis by Devon's glorious halls,
Whence, dear Ben, I come again;
Bright of golden roofs and walls—
El Dorado's rare domain—
Seem those halls when sunlight launches
Shafts of gold thro' leafless branches,
Where the winter's feathery mantle blanches
Field and farm and lane.*

DRAYTON

*'Tis where Avon's wood-sprites weave
Through the boughs a lace of rime,
While the bells of Christmas Eve
Fling for Will the Stratford-chime
O'er the river-flags emboss'd
Rich with flowery runes of frost—
O'er the meads where snowy tufts are toss'd—
Strains of olden time.*

SHAKESPEARE'S FRIEND

*'Tis, methinks, on any ground
 Where our Shakespeare's feet are set.
 There smiles Christmas, holly-crown'd
 With his blithest coronet:
 Friendship's face he loveth well:
 'Tis a countenance whose spell
 Sheds a balm o'er every mead and dell
 Where we used to fret.*

HEYWOOD

*More than all the pictures, Ben,
 Winter weaves by wood or stream,
 Christmas loves our London, when
 Rise thy clouds of wassail-steam—
 Clouds like these, that, curling, take
 Forms of faces gone, and wake
 Many a lay from lips we loved, and make
 London like a dream.*

BEN JONSON

*Love's old songs shall never die,
 Yet the new shall suffer proof:
 Love's old drink of Yule brew I
 Wassail for new love's behoof.
 Drink the drink I brew, and sing
 Till the berried branches swing,
 Till our song make all the Mermaid ring—
 Yea, from rush to roof.*

FINALE

*Christmas loves this merry, merry place;
 Christmas saith with fondest face,
 Brightest eye, brightest hair:
 Ben, the drink tastes rare of sack and mace:
 Rare!*

—THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.